WHITECHAPEL FINE ART EXHIBITION EASTER, 1891.

Blo
330

St. Jude's School-House, Commercial St., E.

ELEVENTH YEAR.

"Life without Industry is guilt, and Industry without Art is brutality."—*Ruskin.*

OPEN DAILY from MARCH 17th to APRIL 5th (Sundays included), 10 to 10.

& H., Typ., London

St. Jude's, Whitechapel.

CLERGY:—REV. S. A. BARNETT, M.A., REV. V. A. BOYLE, M.A., REV. G. H. AITKEN, B.A., REV. W. WRAGGE, B.A.

Services.

SUNDAY—

8.30. Holy Communion.
11. Morning Service.
11.30. Children's Service (in the Schools).
11.30. Children's Service (in Lolesworth Club-room).
12.30. Service for Men only.
3.45. Children's Service.
6.30. Evening Service.
8.30. Worship Hour Service.

Week-day Service, Thursday 8 p.m.

Sunday School at 3.	Rev. G. H. Aitken.
Teachers' Meeting at 4.30.	" "
Bible Class for Young Women at 3.45	Mrs. S. A. Barnett.
The Communicants' Society ... ... *Meetings for Prayer twice in the Month.*	Rev. W. Wragge.
The Congregational Committee ... ... *Social Meetings once a Month.*	Mrs. Grace.
St. Jude's Choir (men, women and boys)	Mr. A. H. Peppin.

Schools *Boys, Girls, Infants.* (*Fees optional*).
Bible teaching daily by the Clergy. French, Modelling, Carpentry, taught.

Girls' Club, 28, Commercial Street	Miss A. Gardiner.
Evening Home, 3, Tenter Street	Mrs. Antrobus.
St. Katherine Boys' Club, St. Jude's Schools	Miss Bowers.
St. Jude's Guild (young men)	Rev. W. Wragge.
St. Jude's Guild (girls)	Miss Gardiner.
Guild of Good Endeavour (boys)	Rev G. H. Aitken.
Guild of White and Gold (children)...	Mrs. Kemp.
Band of Hope and Pity (children)	Mrs. Kemp.
Temperance Guild for Adults	Mrs. Antrobus
Temperance Guilds for Young People	Miss de Morgan.
Mothers' Meeting	Miss Gardiner.
Mothers' Meeting	Mrs. Antrobus.
Maternity Society	Mrs. S. A Barnett.
Lending Library	Miss Bonner.

Girls needing help can apply at 28, Commercial Street, to Miss Thomas.

"*St. Jude's*" (*a Monthly Magazine*) *sold for any coin.*

Lolesworth Club. 34, Commercial Street, (Men and Women)
R. W. Kittle, Esq., LL.B.

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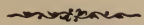

1 The Redemption of Tannhaüser

Frank Dicksee, A.R.A.

Lent by J. D. Galpin, Esq.

"Now Tannhaüser had left Elizabeth, whom he loved and who loved him, and gone to the Venusberg where Venus dwelt, of whom after a time he wearied. When the Knights sang in competition at the castle of Wartburg, (Elizabeth's home) he came back and took his place among the singers. Tannhaüser in his turn, lifted up his voice, but nothing could he sing save one song—the praise of Venus. For this sin, he was cast out. Despairing, he joined the pilgrims going to Rome to ask the Pope's blessing. But forgiveness was not for him. Others the Pope absolved, but to Tannhaüser he said "It is easier for my staff to blossom, than for thy sin to be forgiven." So Tannhaüser returned to Eisenach, and there he met the funeral procession of Elizabeth, whom grief had slain. To him, at that moment, Venus appeared in the glory of her fatal beauty and it was for Tannhaüser to choose between the earthly passion that had destroyed his manhood, and the holy love, that could henceforth be but a memory for him. His better nature conquered. "Elizabeth!" he cries, and then falls dead, while the vision of Venus, defeated in the supreme moment, fades away, and the Pope's staff—miraculously blossomed into leaf—is brought by hurrying messengers from Rome, as a token of Divine forgiveness.

2 Interior of Amiens Cathedral
Wyke Bayliss, P.R.S.B.A.

Lent by the Artist.

3 A Summer's Day *Peter Graham, R.A.*

Lent by S. Montagu, Esq., M.P.

4 Portrait of Mr. Wilson Barrett as Hamlet
Mrs. Schenk

Lent by the Artist.

5 Horses Frightened by Fire *A. Schreyer*

Lent by Sir Julian Goldsmid, Bart.

The picture tells its own story. The village is on fire—perhaps it is war-time and the enemy has fired it—and farm horses and chargers gallop madly into the open, making their way through fences and trampling on one another in their terror. From the look of horses and landscape it might be a Flemish scene. Through the smoke can be seen the lever which is used to draw water from well or river. Schreyer is one of the great animal painters of the world.

6 The Finding of Moses *H. C. Selous*

Lent by the Misses Selons.

7 Off Venice Harbour *E. W. Cooke, R.A.*

Lent by Sir Julian Goldsmid, Bart.

8 Landscape *John Watts*

Lent by Messrs. Agnew.

9 The Idle Child of Fancy *G. F. Watts, R.A.*

Lent by the Artist.

Fancy, roseate-hued and buoyant, tossed by every breath of wind as he rides upon clouds, shoots his toy-like darts into space, and watches them with heedless eyes, not caring whether they hit or miss.

"Hence vain deluding joys!
How little you bestead,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!
Dwell in some idle brain
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sunbeams."

10 Waiting for the Fishing Boats (Coast of Scotland)
Peter Graham, R.A.

Lent by Messrs. Mc.Lean.

11 "The Ploughman homeward plods his weary way'
B. W. Leader, A.R.A.

Lent by T. F. Blackwell, Esq.

An evening of early spring in a low lying flat country, with nothing to interrupt the wide sweep of plain and sky. A country and a time for glorious sunsets. The western sky, with its "peculiar tint of yellow green," and flecked with clouds that lie in streaks and bars, is mirrored in the marshy ground, so that earth and heaven seem blended into one glory of colour and light. We feel the peaceful hush that comes with twilight, and we almost expect, as we stand before the picture, to see evening soften into night, and darkness to come down upon the earth like a garment.

No holy rite could move
Sublimer transport, purer love,
Than doth this silent spectacle—the gleam,
The shadow—and the peace supreme!

12 Scene in Madrid *Edwin Long, R.A.*

Lent by Sir Julian Goldsmid, Bart

No country in Europe is more priest ridden than Spain; yet even here the people sometimes listen to those who tell them of their right to liberty of conscience and worship. This scene shows Madrid on the eve of a rising against priestly tyranny. Papers have been distributed to inflame the people's hatred, and the priests as they pass are contemptuously or even rudely treated by their usually submissive flock. Note the contrast between the two priests; one gentle and conciliatory, the other proud and revengeful. The only man who is anxious to court their favour is evidently a brigand or outlaw, needing absolution for his wild life. See how suspiciously his neighbour regards him. The workman demolishing the church in the background seem to imply probable changes.

13 Frederick Denison Maurice *Lowes Dickinson*

Lent by Queen's College.

The portrait of one of the world's great Teachers. "A righteous man, who loved God and Truth above all things. Loyal and chivalrous—gentle and strong—modest and humble—tender and true. Pitiful to the weak—yearning after the erring—stern to all forms of wrong and oppression, yet most stern towards himself—who, being angry, yet sinned not."

"O strong soul, by what shore
Tarriest thou now? For that force,
Surely, has not been left vain!
Somewhere, surely, afar,
In the sounding labour-house vast
Of being, is practised that strength
Zealous, beneficent, firm!"

14 Prometheus *Briton Rivière, R.A.*

Lent by the Artist.

The Greek Legend of Prometheus is of great interest. It runs thus—Prometheus stole fire from Heaven and won for men blessings which the gods refused. In their anger, they chained him to a rock, where eagles gnawed for ever at his liver. We may gather the meaning of the story from the name of Prometheus, which means *fore-thinker*. Was he one who, like Christ, suffered that man might be blessed? or did he feel the gnawings of remorse because he took before the time the good things belonging to the future?

15 The Prodigal Son *G. F. Watts, R.A.*

Lent by the Artist.

"And when he came to himself, he said, 'I will arise and go to my Father.'"

The Artist shows us the face of the Prodigal just at the moment when he is coming to himself It is the face of one who has wandered far, who has wasted his life. But all the time the true self was only buried, it was not dead; and in his eyes is seen the dawning of the new life—the yearning for the Father's home which has been left so far behind.

Mr. Watts seems to wish us to see that the sensitive nature of the Prodigal is the secret, at once, of his weakness and of his strength.

16 Hercules wrestling with Death for the body of Alcestis *Sir F. Leighton, P.R.A.*

Lent by Sir B. Samuelson, Bart.

Admetus was king of Pherar in Thessaly, rich in flocks and herds. His palace was the most hospitable in Greece, and his wife, *Alcestis*, noblest of women. Very fair was life; yet it was fated that he should die. Hither came Apollo, god of Light and Healing, doomed for a term to serve a mortal master, and kept Admetus's flocks, and because he was honourably received he tricked the Fates, and made them promise that Admetus should live if some other would die for him. But when Admetus came to his friends, and to his aged father and mother none was found willing to die, excepting his wife, Alcestis.

Therefore, on the fated day, *Death* came to fetch his victim, and Alcestis was brought before the palace gates to take her last grateful gaze on the Sun who blesses all men, and to bid good-bye to her husband and her children before she died; and Admetus felt that the gift the gods had granted him was vain. But she, Alcestis, was carried out to burial.

Then came *Hercules*, Admetus's ancient friend and host, journeying ever to rid the world of monsters. It was no time for feasting, yet hospitality was sacredest of duties to a Greek, and so Admetus, hiding his own sorrow and pretending that some strange woman was dead, welcomed his guest, and sent him to the guest-chamber to eat and drink and repose.

And now came *Pheres*, Admetus's father, with offerings for the grave, but Admetus would have none of them; if Pheres had consented to die, Alcestis might have lived. But Pheres answered and taunted Admetus, for had he not himself feared to die, and let his wife die for him. Then Admetus knew what he had done, and that he had been wiser and nobler to die, than to live without Alcestis.

But, meanwhile, Hercules learnt that it was no stranger, but Admetus's wife, that was dead. Therefore, filled with gratitude to his noble host, he went to the tomb, and laid in wait for Death, and seized and wrestled with him, and delivered Alcestis, and brought her back to Admetus, made worthy of her by sorrow.

In the midst lies *Alcestis* dead, in queenly calm. On the right, *Hercules*, with his strong healthy limbs, struggles with the gloomy, blue-black, raven-winged *god of Death*. Behind stands *Pheres*. By the side of the bier lie the funeral vessels, On the left, and at the head of the bier, are the mourners, hardly bearing to gaze on the struggle, and swaying in sympathy with the wrestlers. Roses are scattered over the corpse, and behind, the boundless sea stretches away.

N.B.—The tale is told in the picture described in Browning's "Balaustion."

17 Beatrice (*Copy by Ed. Clifford*) *D. G. Rossetti*

Lent by Lady Mount Temple.

The artist has tried to show us a vision that Dante had of Beatrice on the day of her death, June 9th, 1290. He had only seen her walking with her ladies in the streets of Florence, he had never spoken to her, and yet so great was the power of her goodness and beauty, and so strong his allegiance that it seemed to him that when she died the whole world was desolate. "How does the city sit solitary that was full of people" he cries with the prophet Jeremiah.

Beatrice is gone up into high Heaven,
The kingdom where the angels are at peace,
And lives with them: and to her friends is dead.
Not by the frosts of winter was she driven
Away, like others; nor by summer-heats;
But through a perfect gentleness instead;
For from the lamp of her meek lowlihood,
Such an exceeding glory went up hence,
That it woke wonder in the Eternal Sire,
Until a sweet desire
Entered Him from that lonely excellence,
So that He bade her to Himself aspire;
Counting this weary and most evil place
Unworthy of a thing so full of grace,

The dove in the picture is bringing to Beatrice the message from the angels, in the white poppy, the emblem of death, while the completed circle on the sun dial tells of the close of her life on earth.

18 The Blessed Damozel (head) *D. G. Rossett*

Lent by Lady Mount Temple.

"The blessed damozel leaned out
From the golden bar of Heaven;
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even,
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven.

* * * * * *

'I wish that he were come to me,
For he will come,' she said,
'Have I not prayed in Heaven?—on earth
Lord, Lord, has he not prayed?
Are not two prayers a perfect strength,
And shall I feel afraid?'"

19 Freedom *Walter Crane*

Lent by the Artist.

England is free; neither king nor priest has power to oppress the people; the artist has here pictured for us a nation, bound hand and foot by cruel laws, under the tyranny of Church and State. Such a country was Italy fifty years ago. At last, when the cruel guardians of the nation slept in secure belief of its powerlessness. the vision of freedom granted to a few of its sons, took form and shape to all, burst open its prison, shattered its chains and called it forth to life and light and progress. Here is a verse of an English poet's song, written to celebrate the dawn of Italian freedom:

"These have we, these are ours,
Which no priests give, nor kings,
The honey of all these flowers,
The heart of all these springs;
Ours, for where Freedom lives not, there live no good things.

Rise, ere the dawn be risen;
Come and be all souls fed,
From field and street and prison
Come, for the feast is spread;
Live, for the Truth is living; wake, for night is dead.

20 Portrait *W. B. Richmond, A.R.A.*

Lent by Sigr. Gaetano Meo.

I will paint her as I see her;
Ten times have the lilies blown
Since she looked upon the sun.

And her face is lily clear,
Lily-shaped and dropped in duty
To the law of its own beauty.

Oval cheeks encoloured slightly,
Which a taint of golden hair,
Keeps from fading off to air.

And a forehead fair and saintly,
Which two blue eyes undershine
Like meek prayers before a shrine.

And all hearts do pray "God love her,"
Ay, and always in good sooth,
We may all be sure He doth.

Notice the harmonious blending of yellows and browns in this picture. There is no bright colour, but it is full of glowing light and the eye rests on it with pleasure.

21—24 The Legend of the Briar Rose *E. Burne Jones*

Lent by Alexander Henderson, Esq.

The Story of the *Briar Rose*, or the *Sleeping Beauty*, is told in every collection of Fairy tales.

Long long ago, a king and queen ruled over a southern land. They had all they could wish for except a child. At last a little girl was born, and all the fairies of the country were bidden to the christening—all but one, and she was thought to be dead or enchanted. But after the christening, in the middle of the feast, as each of the fairies were bestowing their gifts—beauty, gentleness, and all other good things,—suddenly the unbidden fairy entered, and declared that the princess, when one was seventeen, should prick her finger with a spindle, and die. One other fairy had not spoken yet, and one, (for fairies may not undo others' work) yet changed the destiny to one hundred years of sleep.

In vain did the king take every precaution; in vain did he order every spindle to be destroyed. Loveliest among the maidens the princess grew up, gentlest and kindest of all, a pure white flower amid all the colours of the court, beloved of all. In her seventeenth year she touched the spindle, and sleep fell on her, and the kindly fairy waved her wand over the castle so that all the rest sank into a like slumber. And around the castle to guard it, sprang up suddenly a vast hedge of wild roses saving it from without, as the sleepy spell saved it unchanged within. Many noble knights of divers lands heard of its fame, and sought to break in and see its wonders; but the tangles of the rose, and the slumbrous enchantment overcame them, and they in turn sank asleep.

At last, a hundred years after, the prince of the land spied the wood, and asked its meaning. Noblest and most faithful of knights was he; others seemed bolder and wore gayer plumes and armour, and spoke more than he, but where they failed, he persevered. So he, too, entered the briar-wood. Before him the thicket gave way; he entered the castle, he passed through its corridors and halls; at last he found the chamber where the princess was laid, and kneeling down, he kissed her lips. So faith and love prevailed: the enchantment was at an end; and the princess became his wife.

We have four scenes, showing us not what happened to the knight; but how all things were when he started on his quest All four represent different places at the same moment.

21.

(1) THE BRIARWOOD.

"The fateful slumber floats and flows
About the tangle of the rose;
But lo! the fated hand and heart
To rend the slumberous curse apart."

The prince comes from the left, clad in shining armour that reflects all the colours of the briars and the blooms. But his eyes are not set on the thorns, but see, beyond the perils and hardships, the goal he seeks. Around him, thick and gloomy spreads the wood, and we see that it is spring time, the time of hope. Sleeping among the boughs are beautiful birds. On the ground lie the knights who had sought to pass the wood before. We see by their various armour, and the devices on the shields, that they come from different countries, one is marked by his bow and turban as a Saracen. Their helmets have fallen off, and their shields have been caught by the baldrics in the growth of the wood, and hang above them. All sleep peacefully and unchanged.

22,

(2) THE COUNCIL ROOM.

"The threat of war, the hope of peace,
The Kingdom's peril and increase,
Sleep on, and bide the latter day,
When Fate shall take her chain away."

Here we see the king on the right upon his eastern throne. (Notice the throne and the footstool with its lion under his feet, his robes, the splendid colours of the pavement and the reflections, and the curious work, the camels and devices on the tapestries). By his side is the hour glass, run down a hundred years. He holds a scroll and a pen, just as he was writing when the enchantment overtook him. At his feet lies his chancellor, smiling at the crafty plan he was explaining a century ago. Behind him sleeps the general, rude and strong. Beyond the chancellor reclines the treasurer, feeling in his purse whether there is money for the new plan. Then we see a courtier, and behind him the poet with his lute; and at the chamber door the sentinel leaning on his spear. Through the lattice behind we see other guards and attendants all asleep. The rose spreads everywhere, festooning the chamber, and dropping its bloom into the cool fountain in the centre.

23.

(3) THE GARDEN COURT.

"The maiden pleasance of the land
Knoweth no stir of voice or hand,
No cup the sleeping waters fill,
The restless shuttle lieth still."

On the left are maidens drawing water in their pitchers at the fountain, above it the dial which has vainly marked the time so many years. On the right maidens at the loom, balls of wool on the floor, and skeins hung up for use above. Behind we see the old Norman castle. The bell has not rung for a century, but the girls are as fair as ever. (Note the grace of their attitudes, and the delicate beauty of their hands; they wore no gloves or boots in those days). The roses are everywhere.

24.

(4) THE ROSE BOWER.

"There lies the hoarded love, the key
To all the treasure that shall be;
Come fated hand the gift to take,
And smite this sleeping world awake."

Stretched on the couch asleep, lies the Princess in simple white, the image of purity and peace, waiting for the touch of love to startle it into fulness of life. Instead of the radiance of our last two scenes, we have perfect softness and stillness. Through those loopholes we see the colours of the outside sky; above her head hangs the lamp. Around her lie the favourite of her maidens. One by her pillow holds a lute; the others have been arranging her jewellery. The Briar-rose winds around all. Mark the workmanship of the bed and columns, the doves and figures, and bell-fringe of the coverlet, the peacocks on the cloth. The painter, it will be seen, has filled the room with all that is loveliest in form and colour; but the Princess alone is worthy of the knight who comes

25 The Foolish Virgins *Katharine Bruce*

Lent by the Artist.

"And the door was shut." St. Matt. xxv. 10.

"No light had we: for that we do repent:
And hearing this, the bridegroom will relent—
Too late! too late! ye cannot enter now.

No light: so late! and dark and chill the night!
O let us in, that we may find the light!
Too late, too late: ye cannot enter now."

26 Interior *Brooker*

Lent by G. T. Matthews, Esq.

27 Dancing down the Hay. (Orkney Islands)
George Boughton, A.R.A.

Lent by E. H. Carbutt, Esq.

Hay harvest is everyones' holiday. Old men, children, cocks and hens. all have their share and enjoy themselves busily. Jolliest of all country sights the hay waggon on its way from the fields, with the children lost in the hay on the top! Here we se the making of the rick--a good foundation we must have, or later on, when it rises high and we have to use the ladder to get the hay up to the top, it will all tumble over. So here are the village girls treading it well down, and the men bringing up fresh heaps and pitching it up; and all chaffing one another. A week ago the girls were at home, and the men on the sea, ffghting those stormy northern seas that have stamped their face. How different they look from English farmers. A week hence and play will be over, all the hay will be harvested, and they will be sailors again.

28 Hush! *Edgar Barclay*

Lent by the Artist.

We are in a glade of the great Forest. Here in Nature's own garden, the children are playing as all children ought to play in springtime, with the leaves and flowers At the foot of a great beech tree they are lying, when suddenly, still as a mouse, they see the head and bright eyes of a squirrel peeping at them over the roots of the old tree, while another decends from the branches. Even to country children, a squirrel close at hand is a rare sight, and they hush their merry talk and laughter lest they should scare away their pretty playfellow.

29 Landscape *B. W. Leader, A.R.A.*

Lent by Sir Julian Goldsmid, Bart

Perhaps a scene on the Wye, for Mr. Leader is a Worcestershire man, and Severn and Wye and Avon know him well. Notice the light shining through the trees on the opposite bank.

"Clear and cool, clear and cool,
By laughing shallow and dreaming pool:
Cool and clear, cool and clear,
By shining shingle and foaming weir;
Under the crag where the ouzel sings,
And the ivied wall where the church-bell rings,
Undefiled for the undefiled;
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.

30 Waiting for Breakfast *Samuel Carter*

Lent by W. Norman, Esq.

The little foxes are enjoying their innocent gambols. See their soft red fur, and the white tips to their brushes, see their red tongues between their gleaming white teeth. But where is is their mother? Though we cannot see her, the fluffy little fox with his back towards us, surely thinks she is near. He has left playing with his brothers and with cocked ears is watching eagerly to catch the first glimpse of her.

31 Great Marlow *Vicat Cole, R.A.*

Lent by J. G. Fenwick, Esq.

Great Marlow Church with its tall spire, standing among the trees, is a familiar landmark to all lovers of our beautiful river. The balance of light and shade in this pt&ture is very fine. To the right, in deep shadow, the horses are being watered in the shallows, and a barge is moored under the bank. Through the trees the rays of the setting sun are streaming, filling the landscape with soft light. To the left is the great sweep of Marlow Weir, and in the middle distance the suspension bridge spans the river. Far off, in the haze, there is a glimpse of hills and hanging woods.

The picture is one of a series which Mr. Vicat Cole is painting to illustrate the Thames from its source to the sea.

32 "The Ploughman homeward plods his weary way" *H. R. Robertson*

Lent by the Artist.

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me."

33 Sea Mists *Peter Graham, R.A.*

Lent by T. F. Blackwell, Esq.

Sea, sky, and rock are clothed in the mist that belongs equally to all. The waves seem tired of ceaselessly chafing the rocks which dash them back in scorn of their angry impotence. Yet the waves are but the expression of ocean's invincible strength, which has given the rocky coast its form, and worn it into cave and overhanging cliff. The painter has given us what he saw and felt.

"The motion
Of waves, the breezes fragrant from the sea,
And cry of birds, combine one glorious symphony."

* * * * * *

"O, ye solitudes of rocks and waters
Have I not sighed to hear your mighty Pœan?
Have I not felt the longing
To stand on some lone peak and hear from under
Its caverned base, the ocean's melancholy thunder?"

34 Her own Gleanings *H. R. Robertson*

Lent by the Artist.

The lonely old woman who has no friend but her dog, and no luxury in her bare cottage but the teapot on the hearth, has brought in her scanty gleanings and is threshing out the wheat ears on the floor. Her store will not be large, and one would like to feel that she had something more to depend upon during the long winter months.

35 The End of the Hop Harvest *Miss E. S. Wood*

Lent by the Artist.

36 Wounded Adonis *Briton Rivière, R.A.*

Lent by E. H. Carbutt, Esq.

37 Broken off *Louise Jopling*

Lent by the Artist.

38 The Last Match *W. Small*

Lent by the President and Council of the Royal Academy.

Only one match left—a strong wind blowing clouds and cloaks about—the pig they have bought at market that morning struggling to escape—and the rope round the man's leg and arm. Will the good Irishman get his pipe alight or not? And why do pigs *always* want to go the wrong way?

39 "The Song of the Shirt" *Sir J. E. Millais, R.A.*

Lent by G. F. Watts, Esq., R.A.

Work, work, work,
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work, work, work,
'Till the eyes are heavy and dim.
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
'Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream.

"Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet,
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want,
And the walk that costs a meal."

40 Purple and Gold *Louise Jopling*

Lent by the Artist.

41 The Reaper *Phil Morris, A.R.A.*

Lent by William Agnew, Esq.

The reaper with his scythe over his shoulder is returning from his day's work, a gay band of village girls have come out to meet him, and are dancing around him, playfully barring the way. Further along the road, an old dame, supported by her grandson, playing on his pipe, returns home. The trees and fields show the colours of midsummer. Behind, in the evening shadows, and half hidden by the trees, we see the church and cottages, the sun, and the ricks of the village.

42 A Difficulty *A. Hacker*

Lent by the Artist.

A difficulty indeed! The little maid has tried in vain to thread the obstinate needle. At last she hands it to the grandmother, whose dim eyes and trembling hands find the task a difficult one, but will never acknowledge herself beaten.

43 Girl (Type of Beauty) *Marcus Stone, R.A.*

Lent by F. Reckitt, Esq.

44 The Man of Law *H. Stacey Marks, R.A.*

Lent by Miss M. A. Smith.

"Full of wise saws and modern instances." His keen face tells us that he will not fail to discover any flaw in the deed he is reading—while the books of reference at his side will help him to decide a doubtful point."

45 The Road to Mecca *F. Goodall, R.A.*

Lent by T. F. Blackwell, Esq.

Mahomed lies buried at Mecca, and to his shrine the faithful journey. His followers are allowed no churches, no images; the solemn boundless spaces of the desert are the temple in which they worship God. At sunset and sunrise they kneel to pray, taking the shoes from off their feet, laying aside their weapons, spreading their mat and turning to the east.

Here the sun is setting. The pilgrim tethers his camel, and kneels down. Behind we see a caravan. Close by lie the bones of a camel that has fallen worn out, and above float the vultures that have picked its bones and hope for fresh prey.

46 "Where can he be?" *Thos. Faed, R.A.*

Lent by Messrs. McLean.

47 Bacchus *Simeon Solomon*

Lent by Geo. Lewis, Esq.

48 Any Port in a Storm *Briton Riviere, R.A.*

Lent by J. G. Fenwick, Esq.

49 More Bubbles *Ed. Frère*

Lent by Messrs. A. & F. Pears.

50 Off Calais *J. M. W. Turner, R.A.*

Lent by Sir Julian Goldsmid, Bart.

Turner was one of the greatest of landscape painters. He believed that it was the part of an artist to receive a strong impression from a scene, and then to try, as far as possible, to make the spectator of his picture receive the same impression. It is the depth of his sympathy with the *spirit* of the scene before him, that makes his landscapes great. Here we have sea, sky and cloud, blended as they blend in nature. The masses of black smoke from the steamboat contrast with the reflection of light on the water. The waves rolling in on the left seem to move as we look. They are probably subsiding after a gale. The spray of the sea is caught by the air, till the sky seems full of spray, and the ocean of cloud, and one sees the whole scene through a blinding mist. This is the impression Turner has tried to give us, and so the very indistinctness of the picture proves his power..

Turner was very fond of painting Calais Harbour. He has done so five times. His pictures generally should be seen at a distance of ten or twelve feet.

51 Sandbanks—Morning *A. Helcke*

Lent by the Artist.

52 Little Red Riding Hood *G. F. Watts, R.A.*

Lent by the Artist.

With her heavy basket and her flowers, the tiny thing is resting for a moment ere she leaves the wood behind her. If she looks at the wolf as she is looking at us, surely even a wolf's heart must melt.

53 Egyptian Difficulty *J. R. Weguelin*

Lent by Mrs. Lawrence.

54 The Wreck *Nieman*

Lent by E. H. Carbutt, Esq.

A picture full of force, gloom and terror. Between sweeping waves and immovable rocks the helpless ship is dashed to pieces. Notice the savage fury of the great wave in the foreground as it hurls itself as if with one last effort of rage upon the rocks.

To thee the love of women hath gone down
Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,
O'er youth's bright locks and beauty's flowing crown!
Yet must thou hear a voice—Restore the dead!
Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee
Restore the dead thou sea!

55 The Handmaids of Siva decorating the Sacred Bull in the Temple of Madura on the morning of a Festival *Val Prinsep, A.R.A.*

Lent by the Artist.

The scene is a religious festival of the Hindoos. Every spring it is the custom to decorate the sacred bull dedicated to the Goddess Siva. The Hindoos, like the ancient Egyptians, are taught by their religion to regard all animals as sacred.

56 Scene from Henry VIII. *R. Smirke, R.A.*

Lent by J. Pyke, Esq.

57 A Last Look at the Old Home *Louise Jopling*

Lent by the Artist.

"Let us be patient! these severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise."

58 The Gondolier *F. Goodall, R.A.*

Lent by R. P. Barrow, Esq.

59 York and Lancaster *J. Pettie*

Lent by J. G. Fenwick, Esq.

This picture represents the scene in the Temple Garden from Shakspere's 1st part of Henry VI., Act 2, Scene 4. The heads of the rival houses of Plantagenet and York pluck, the first a red, the second a white rose, and call upon their friends to wear their flower as a badge.

60 Charles Kingsley *Lowes Dickinson*

Lent by A. Macmillan, Esq.

As one looks at the portrait of Charles Kingsley, his whole life flashes through one's thoughts. One remembers the young Curate, the Chartist parson, the happy poet, the brilliant novel writer, the Rector of Eversley, the Professor at Cambridge, the Canon at Chester, the preacher at Westminster Abbey. But greater than the Curate, the poet, the professor, the Canon, was the mau himself with his warm heart, his honest purposes, his trust in his friends, his chivalry and his humility.

61 Punishment of young Petrarch (*Copy*) *A. Lionardi*

Lent by G. T. Matthews, Esq.

62 "Alone" (An Italian Interior) *Stuart Smith*

Lent by D. D. Hepburn, Esq.

Outside the sun shines as brightly as ever, and villagers stand and gossip,—but within all is silent, for a spirit has fled, and the poor wife mourns her life long companion. See how the dog creeps up wondering at the quiet figure stretched on the bed, the hand for ever still that will caress him no more.

63 A la Japonaise *Louise Jopling*

Lent by the Artist.

64 A Fair Venetian *Louise Jopling*

Lent by the Artist.

65 Medea, the Sorceress, gathering Herbs for the Incantations *Val Prinsep, A.R.A.*

Lent by the Artist.

Medea, a famous witch of the old Greek stories, is here seen gathering toadstools and poisonous herbs to make her magic charms. Many stories are told of the wonders she did, as when she composed an ointment for her lover, which, when applied to his body and shield, preserved him from all harm.

66 An Autumn Evening after rain
B. W. Leader, A.R.A.

Lent by S. Montagu, Esq,, M.P.

67 Work-a-day England *W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A.*

Lent by Messrs. McLean.

68 Italian Fruit Seller *Carl Haag*

Lent by R. P. Barrow, Esq.

69 Dr. Johnson receiving two young ladies
Miss E. M. Osborn

Two young ladies, great admirers of Dr. Johnson's writings, composed a most flattering address, called on him, and recited it. Anxiously awaiting his reply, to their disappointment he only answered: "Fiddle-de-dee, my dears."

70 Don Quixote and the Galley Slaves
J. E. Hodgson, R.A.

71 Dartmouth Harbour *David Murray. A.R.A.*

Lent by the Artist.

72 The Sweep *Goron*

Lent by Messrs. A. & F. Pears.

73 "For those at Sea" *Miss F. M. Cooper*

Lent by the Artist.

The child is kneeling at the mother's knee and praying for the father absent at sea. In the mother's face we see the anxious thought for her far away husband. She holds in her arms that little one, whom he has perhaps never seen.

"O hear us when we cry to Thee.
For those in peril on the sea."

74 The Regatta, Venice *Clara Montalba*

Lent by the Artist.

75 Azaleas *Ethel Nisbet*

Lent by the Artist.

76 The Harbour of Refuge *Frederick Walker*

Lent by Humphrey Roberts, Esq.

We are in the England of 60 years ago, the England of which George Eliot writes. It is the month of June, the roses and the hawthorn are in full blossom, and the daisies are thick among the grass The Almshouses, with their red-tiled roofs and ivy-covered chapel, run on three sides of the garden,—in the centre is a statue, perhaps of the founder, and on the seat below it the old people gather to talk and hear the news as the evening light begins to wane Some of the older folk sit apart, for their life is in the past, and there their memories dwell. Down the path to the left the old bent woman slowly totters, leaning on the arm of one who is young and strong, but whose face is full of sadness. Is she a daughter allowed to share her mother's solitary life? or is she one who has learnt to find her consolation in bringing help to others? The feeling of the whole picture is one of rest and calm decay. The soft glow of the evening sky,—the swish of the scythe through the soft grass,—the deep colour of the buildings,—the tree-tops, telling of a world outside the almshouse walls,—all help to picture for us this haven of rest. In strong contrast to the repose of all the rest is the figure of the vigorous young mower as he bends to his scythe.

This is one of the most beautiful pictures which Walker ever painted, By his early death English Art lost one of her greatest masters.

77 Jerusalem *Tristram Ellis*

Lent by S. Montagu, Esq., M.P.

78 "It won't come right" *Emily R. Stones*

Lent by the Artist.

Many tears have been shed, and yet as the title tells us "it won't come right." Some of our clever St. Jude's boys and girls will surely help her!

79 On Mendip *Alfred Parson*

Lent by R. Harrison, Esq.

A day in the country in early Spring, when earth after the sleep of Winter is bringing forth her first flowers, the golden daffodils. Everything speaks of promise, the early morning light, the glad springtime, and the children who so gleefully pluck the flowers.

"All at once I saw a cloud,
A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

* * * *

And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils."

80 The Houses of Parliament from St. Thomas's Hospital *Florence J. Letts*

Lent by the Artist.

81 Portrait of a Girl *E. Burne-Jones, R.A.*

Lent by Geo. Lewis, Esq.

82 Autumn Wood, Hindhead in the distance *Mrs. Allingham*

Lent by the Artist.

83 Sunset at Whitby *Sutcliffe*

Lent by E. H. Carbutt, Esq.

A fishing village on the coast of Yorkshire with picturesque cottages, crowded round its lively little harbour. The fashionable part of the town is higher up, out of sight.

"It is a beauteous evening, calm and free,
The holy time is quiet as a nun,
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquility,
The gentleness of Heaven broods o'er the sea."

84 The Sunshine of Youth *Alice Havers*

Lent by R. Phenè Spiers, Esq., F.S.A.

"A fair scene for childhood's opening bloom." Sunshine is everywhere, can one wonder that it has found its way into the face of the child who is living among the flowers in the country.

85 A Stormy Day in Venice *Alfred East*

Lent by G. P. Jacomb Hood, Esq.

The Riva or Quay that runs along the side of the lagoon, is one of the most important thoroughfares in Venice. Here the steamboats start, and here much of the buying and selling is carried on, the shrill voices raised in bargaining make up for the absence of the noise of horses and carts.

86 Near Hampstead *Mrs. Allingham*

Lent by George Pitt, Esq.

87 Cannon Street Railway Bridge *Clara Montalba*

Lent by the Artist.

88 Mushrooms *Frederick Walker*

Lent by Humphrey Roberts, Esq.

89 Faire Rosamonde *Louise Jopling*

Lent by the Artist.

90 Study for "The Court of Death" *G. F. Watts, R.A.*

Lent by the Artist.

At the Court of Death all men are equal. Death alone is strong. The beggar on his crutches looks up to the power that can loose him from his pains, the king lays down his crown, the strong young soldier delivers up the sword which he would yield to no earthly foe, the little child stands with its hand on the lion's mane. To the right of the picture the figures are incomplete; they seem to represent the contrast between the holy maiden who grasps the skirts of death, and the sinful woman who kneels in trembling penitence. The figure of Death herself holds in her lap a little new-born baby,—for in the arms of death the soul of man lies new-born, with all its spiritual life before it. Behind the throne are "Angels, awful shapes," holding the canopy over the head of Death. The sketch is a study for a large picture on which Mr. Watts is now working, and the faces are all unfinished. The figure of the knight is particularly fine, and the composition, as well as the thought of the picture, can be well seen even in this unfinished sketch.

O harmless death! whom still the valiant brave,
The wise expect, the sorrowful invite,
And all the good embrace who know the grave
A short dark passage to eternal light.

91 Pilgrims to the Shrine of St. Anne's, Dinan, Brittany *Mrs. Moberly*

Lent by the Artist.

92 Through the Cornfield *Ida S. Perrin*

Lent by the Artist.

93 An Old Wife's Tale *H. Sykes*

Lent by the Artist.

94 My Portrait *G. G. Kilburne, R.I.*

Lent by Messrs. Leggatt.

95 Amy Robsart *T. S. Cooper, R.A.*

Lent by Dr. Ginsberg.

96 "Dick" *Frank Paton*

Lent by J. C. Fraser, Esq.

97 Collecting Firewood *Norman Taylor, A.R.W.S.*

Lent by R. Phenè Spiers, Esq., F.S.A.

There is an appearance of Autumn over the whole of this picture. Notice the fallen leaves with which the whole of the ground is covered—and the bare boughs from which they have fallen. The girl is collecting fuel for the coming winter. Her rosy cheeks and sturdy frame tell of her country life.

98 View of Niesin Range (Switzerland) *Alexr. Scott*

Lent by James Brown, Esq.

99 The Good Samaritan *John Scott*

Lent by Mrs. Lawrence.

The hungry birds and rabbits have found a friend in need—and hunger overcomes all shyness. The blue-black-coated birds come from far to share the meal held out to them by the friendly hand. TThe gipsy girl, whose home is the forest, has sympathy with all wild animals.

100 From Shiplake Hill *Alfred Parsons*

Lent by the Artist.

A cloudy midsummer day, a wide expanse of sky and meadow. From Shiplake Hill one can see over the valley to Sonning which lies hidden among the trees.

My eye, descending from the hill, surveys,
Where Thames among the wanton valleys strays;
Thames, the most loved of all the Ocean's sons
By his old sire, to his embraces runs,
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity.

101 Scene in the Lake Country *J. M. W. Turner, R.A.*

Lent by Thos. Woolner, Esq., R.A.

102 View of the Jungfrau (Switzerland) *Alex Scott*

Lent by James Brown, Esq.

103 "Bob" *Frank Paton*

Lent by J. C. Fraser, Esq.

104 Aspasia contemplating the Acropolis *H. Holiday*

Lent by the Artist.

Aspasia was the most remarkable woman of ancient Greece; she was the friend and adviser of Pericles, under whose rule Athens reached its highest glories. She is here shown reclining on a couch with an attendant girl, gazing at the city in the distance. On the top of the hill is the Parthenon, which was then adorned with the statues that are now in the British Musuem, and on the building is the statue of Athena, the patron goddess of Athens, all of gold and ivory, and of enormous size,

105 Portrait of Garibaldi *Linsley*

Lent by G. T. Matthews, Esq.

106 "Calm is the morn, without a sound" *Ethel Nisbet*

Lent by the Artist.

107 Hypatia *Montagu Barstow*

Lent by Miss Orczy.

108 Philip in Church *Fred. Walker*

Lent by Henry Tate, Esq.

(An illustration of Thackeray's "Adventures of Philip.")
"And Philip said *Amen*, with all his heart."

109 Mrs Gladstone at Hawarden *J. McClure Hamilton*

Lent by the Artist.

109* Parable of the Virgins *Miss G. D. Hammond*

Lent by F. Yeats Edwards, Esq.

110 Streatley-on-Thames *W. Bradley*

Lent by George Pitt, Esq.

The village of Streatley goes climbing up the hill towards the breezy downs above it. A long wooden bridge connects it with Goring, which lies on the left bank of the river. The downs rise before us in the soft haze of the summer afternoon, the smoke goes straight up from the chimneys, there is only just breeze enough to whiten the surface of the water where it catches it. There are few more lovely spots in all our lovely river, as those who have camped under the Streatley downs know full well.

111 Sketch of Henry Irving. *J. McClure Hamilton*

Lent by Henry Irving, Esq.

112 A Hunting Scene *R. Caldecott*

Lent by Lady Roscoe.

"We'll *all* go a hunting to-day." Even the plodding donkey, excited by the horses and hounds, has started off, full-tilt with his double burden. He looks as eager and determined as any to be in at the death. Let us wish him all success.

113 Landscape—On the Avon *Fahey*

Lent by F. Reckitt. Esq.

114 Dutch Landscape and figures *J. Van Stry*

Lent by W. A. Briscoe, Esq.

115 Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden *J. McClure Hamilton*

Lent by Mrs. Gladstone.

116 The Meet *Basil Bradley*

Lent by R. P. Barrow, Esq.

"Another blank day." Huntsman, hounds, and horses, are impatiently waiting for the welcome horn which proclaims that reynard has been scented, and the sport will begin.

117 A Racing Tide between rocks off Alderney *Harry Hine*
Lent by C. H. Glyn, Esq.

118 Bavarian Peasant Knitting *Prof. Herkomer, R.A.*
Lent by the Artist.

119 Trichinopoly Rock (Madras) *Mrs Furnell*
Lent by the Artist.

120 Venice *Darvell*
Lent by F. Bolton, Esq.

121 Naval Manœuvres *W. Small*
Lent by the Proprietors of the Graphic.

122 Saturday Night in the New Cut *Godfroy Durant*
Lent by R. Phené Spiers, Esq., F.S.A.

123 Daffodils *Ethel Nisbet*
Lent by the Artist.

124 Combat Scene from Waverley *T. S. Cooper, R.A.*
Lent by Dr. Ginsberg.

125 The Beach at Madras *Mrs. Furnell*
Lent by the Artist.

126 A Cottage Orchard, Surrey *Mrs. Allingham*
Lent by the Artist.

127 Interior *Brooker*
Lent by G. T. Matthews, Esq.

128 The Eleven White Swans and the Princess *Valentine Bromley*
Lent by R. Phenè Spiers, Esq., F.S.A.

129 Father Damien's arrival at the Leper Island
Edward Clifford

Lent by the Artist.

Most people have heard of the heroic and saintly Father Damien, who died two years ago. When a young priest he was so filled with compassion for the miserable life of the lepers in the Sandwich Islands that he determined to devote himself to bettering their condition. He left home, friends, and country, and settled in Molokai, where he worked with unceasing care for sixteen years to supply the bodily and spiritual wants of his unfortunate patients. At last he himself was smitten with the fatal disease and died The whole world has been the better for knowing of his courage, patience, and endurance.

"Through such souls alone,
God stooping, shows sufficient of the light
For us i' the dark to rise by."

130 Entering Harbour *Nelson Dawson*

Lent by the Proprietors of the Graphic.

131 Roman Flower Girl *J. R. Weguelin*

Lent by Mrs. Lawrence.

132 An Irish Patriot *Ida S. Perrin*

Lent by the Artist.

133 Portrait of Catherine, daughter of Wilson Barrett, Esq *Mrs. Schenk*

Lent by the Artist.

134 On the Coast of Cornwall *Nelson Dawson*

Lent by G. P. Jacomb Hood, Esq.

135 Improvisatore *F. Goodall, R.A.*

Lent by R. P. Barrow, Esq.

136 In Nell Gwynne's Garden, Highgate *Emily R. Stones*

Lent by the Artist.

137 Pugs *J. McClure Hamilton*

Lent by the Artist.

The most careful observer will fail to discover more than one little dog in this picture: possibly the artist is unkind enough to suggest that the little girl is the second "pug," and indeed, there is a little resemblance.

138 Yellow Tulips *Louise Jopling*

Lent by the Artist.

139 A Christian Martyr *Paul Delaroche*

Lent by Messrs. Agnew.

140 Bay of Naples *Stuart Smith*

Lent by D. D. Hepburn, Esq.

141 After the Storm *F. Brangwyn*

Lent by the Proprietors of the Graphic.

142 Bassanio choosing the Casket *Miss Orczy*

Lent by the Artist.

143 Tantallion Castle *Edwin Hayes, R.H.A.*

Lent by D. D. Hepburn, Esq.

144 The finding of Imogen —. *Witherington, R.A.*

Lent by H. Howgrave Graham, Esq.

145 Scene from Henry V. *R. Smirke, R.A.*

Lent by J. Pyke, Esq.

146 A Little Italian *Louise Jopling*

Lent by the Artist.

147 The Cup of Death *Katharine Bruce*

Lent by the Artist.

A girl standing by the brink of a river. An Angel holds the Cup of Death, while the girl's pleading, sorrowful eyes, seem to ask to be spared the bitter draught. But the Angel points upward and her calm strength imparts courage.

"So when the angel of the darker drink,
At last shall find you by the river brink,
And, offering his cup, invite your soul
Forth to your lips to quaff, you shall not shrink."

From the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.

148 Reach on the Isle of Skye *Johnson*

Lent by F. Reckitt, Esq.

149 "Teetotum" *W. J. Knewstubs*

Lent by Lady Mount Temple.

150 Landscape *Old Crome*

Lent by J. Colman, Esq.

151 Rustics at a Meal *G. Morland*

Lent by Dr. Ginsberg.

152 Una and the Lion *F. R. Pickersgill, R.A.*

Lent by H. Howgrave Graham, Esq.

In the "Faery Queen" of Spenser, an old English poet, Una was a maiden whose Knight abandoned her. One day when wandering alone she met a lion, and feared she would be torn to pieces, but the fierce beast was subdued by her beauty and purity, and became her companion and protector.

"The Lion would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong guard
Of her chaste person, and a faithful mate
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard."

153 Lynton Mill *Gaetano Meo*

Lent by the Artist.

154 Bismarck *W. B. Richmond, A.R.A.*

Lent by the Artist.

The great German Chancellor who, by his invincible will, his dauntless courage, his untiring patience, contributed more than any other man to re-unite the kingdoms of Germany into one great Empire. This was the end he kept in view through the many years that he served his king and his country. He cared little that the way that led to it was often one of oppression and injustice. He wished to be feared and obeyed, and thought less of being loved.

Does not all this show itself in his face? In the massive head, the determined mouth, the patient, far seeing eyes, in the whole strong look of the man. We can fancy him saying:

"To my inward vision
Things are achieved when they are well begun.
The perfect archer calls the deer his own
While yet the shaft is whistling. His keen eye
Never sees failure, sees the mark alone"

155 In Holland *C. W. Wyllie*

Lent by Mrs. C. W. Wyllie.

156 "And Nathan said unto David: 'Thou art the man!'" *Angelica Kaufmann*

Lent by J. Pyke, Esq.

157 St. Jerome in his Study *Bellini (copy)*

Lent by F. Bolton, Esq.

158 The Prophet Ahijah foretells to the wife of King Jeroboam the death of her son Abijah *Angelica Kaufmann*

Lent by J. Pyke, Esq.

159 Spring *Mrs. Bouwens*

Lent by Miss Orczy.

"There is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies grow."

160 Rüdesheim on the Rhine *G. Stansfield*

Lent by E. H. Carbutt, Esq.

161 Listening Wood Nymph *P. H. Calderon, R.A.*

Lent by Mrs. Moberly.

162 Mountain Scene, Wales *Niernan*

Lent by D. D. Hepburn, Esq.

163 For the Temple of Flora *Arthur Drummond*

Lent by Henry Nixon, Esq.

164 Windermere *H. Dawson*

Lent by F. Reckitt, Esq.

The largest and one of the most beautiful of the English lakes on a showery day in early Summer. The sun's rays pierce through the clouds and fall on the lake, which stretches away and is lost in the distance. Everything speaks of peace; even the lambs "couch near their dams, with quiet satisfied."

——— From scenes of art which chase
Quiet thought away, turn, and with watchful eyes
Feed it 'mid Nature's felicities.
Rocks, rivers and smooth lakes more clear than glass
Untouched, unbreathed upon.

165 The White Cockade *Sir J. E. Millais, R.A.*

Lent by Stuart M. Samuel, Esq., L.C.C

166 In the Isle of Arran *J. McWhirter, A.R.A.*

Lent by F. Reckitt, Esq.

Note the beautiful painting of the field flowers in the foreground, the sheeny light on the sea beyond, and the soft sweep of the heathery hill on the right. The villagers are hastening to carry in the corn, mindful of the threatening clouds which betoken stormy weather.

167 The Tiff *A. M. Mendoza*

Lent by the Artist.

From the lover's face we are sure that the "tiff" will not last long and even the fair lady's displeasure must surely yield to the sweet influences of the beguiling spot in which we see them.

Notice the harmony of her daffodil-yellow gown with the prevailing green of the picture.

168 Interior *Fornari*

Lent by G. T. Matthews, Esq.

169 "Parted" *Maud Goodman*

Lent by George Pitt, Esq.

170 Shop Scene in Little Russia *Züber*

Lent by E. H. Carbutt, Esq.

171 Expected *Edwin Hughes*

Lent by Messrs. Leggatt.

172 Common Talk *W. Weekes*

Lent by Messrs. Leggatt.

Rather a one-sided talk! eight against one. The little donkey looks rather surprised and frightened at the volley of goose-language that is poured on him. How can he have offended them? No doubt he will summon up courage later to argue the rights of the common with them.

Notice the young fern-fronds on the left forcing their way thro' the red-brown earth.

173 Caught at last *Duverger*
Lent by S. Montagu, Esq., M.P.

174 The Empty Water Bottle *W. Horsley*
Lent by Mrs. Moberly.

175 A Rough Sea *Harry Hine*
Lent by C. H. Glyn, Esq.

176 Puss in Boots *Frank Paton*
Lent by Messrs. Leggatt.

The Decorative Hangings have been kindly lent and the decorations executed by Messrs. Morris & Co., and Messrs. Hindley & Son.

TOYNBEE HALL,

28, COMMERCIAL STREET.

WARDEN, REV. S. A. BARNETT, M.A.

Classes, Reading Parties, Societies, &c., for the Summer of 1891, to which new members can be admitted.

[CLASSES.]	[LECTURERS.]	[DAYS.]
Bible Class (chiefly for teachers.)	Rev. Dr. Abbott.	Sundays.
Political Economy.	H. Higgs, LL.B., and Ernest Aves, M.A.	Wednesdays and Fridays.
Italian History.	Miss Dixon.	
More, Raleigh, and Bacon.	F. S. Boas, M.A.	
Maine's "Ancient Law."	J. B. Ogle, B.A.	Mondays.
Ideal Commonwealths.	H. E. Egerton, M.A.	Thursdays.
English Literature ("In Memoriam.")	G. L. Bruce, M.A.	Tuesdays.
Italian Literature (Dante.)	,, ,,	Wednesdays.
French (Intermediate.)	Miss Bruce.	Thursdays.
,, (Advanced.)	Henry Davison.	Thursdays.
,, (Elementary.)		Wednesdays.
German (two classes.)	R. O. Moon, B.A.	Wednesdays.
Italian (Advanced.)	T. Okey.	Wednesdays.
,, (Elementary.)	G. L. Bruce, M.A.	Tuesdays.
Latin.	E. W. Brooks, M.A., and A. Chapman, M.A.	Fridays.
Botany (Systematic.)	R. Paulson.	Thursdays.
,, (Elementary.)		Tuesdays.
Chemical Analysis.	E. Jackman.	Mondays.
,, ,,	J. T. Leon, B.A.	Wednesdays.
Field Geology.	J. W. Gregory and W. H. Hume.	Thursdays.
Mathematics.	R. J. Dallas, B.A.	Mondays.
Singing (P.M.U.)	W. H. Thomas.	Mondays.
Violin (P.M.U.)	W. Truslove.	Tuesdays.
Drawing (Freehand).		Fridays.

Elizabethan Literary Society, *Hon. Sec.*, James E. Baker.
Toynbee Shakespeare Club, *Hon. Sec.*, Frank Payne.
Philosophical Society.
Adam Smith Club.
Toynbee Economic Club, *Hon. Sec.*, J. Mason.
Toynbee Natural History Society, *Hon. Sec.*, J. W. Gregory.
East London Antiquarian Society, *Hon. Sec.*, H. S. Blakeman.
Toynbee Camera Club, *Hon. Sec.*, A. E. Birch.
Toynbee Travellers' Club, *Hon. Sec*, Bolton King, M.A.
Toynbee Athletic Alliance.

Students' Union and Club Room.
Students' Residences at Wadham and Balliol Houses.
Saturday and Sunday Evening Lectures.
Smoking Conferences on Thursdays.

For further information see "Summer Plans."

"Toynbee Record," published monthly, price 1d. (Annual Subscription 1/6).

"Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, think on these things."—ST. PAUL.

"High Art consists neither in altering, nor in improving nature; but in seeking throughout nature, 'whatsoever things are lovely, and whatsoever things are pure,' and in directing the thoughts of others to them by winning art or gentle emphasis."—RUSKIN.

"Ah, then, if mine had been the painter's hand,
To express what then I saw, and add the gleam,
The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration, and the Poet's dream."

. WORDSWORTH.

"Though we travel the whole world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us, or we have it not."

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"Art has not yet come to its maturity, if it do not put itself abreast with the most potent influences of the world, if it be not practical, and moral, if it do not stand in connection with the conscience, if it do not make the poor and uncultivated feel that it addresses them with a voice of lofty cheer."—EMERSON.

"Labour is the only price of solid fame, and there is no easy method of becoming a great painter."

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

"The most helpful and sacred work which can at present be done for humanity is to teach people not how to 'better themselves, but how to 'satisfy themselves.'—There is no *wealth* but *life*. Life, including all its powers of love, of joy, and of admiration. That country is the richest which nourishes the greatest number of noble and happy beings, and that man is richest who, having perfected the functions of his own life to the utmost, has also the widest helpful influence, both personal and by means of his possessions, over the lives of others."—RUSKIN.